Baſt. No my Lord.

Gloſt. My Lord of Kent, remember him hereafter as my honorable friend..

Baſt. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Gloſt. Hee hath beene out nine yeares, and away hee ſhall againe, the King is comming.

Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany, and Cornwell, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.

Lear. Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, *Gloſter.*

Gloſt. I ſhall my Leige.

Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes,
The map there; know we haue diuided
In three, our kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſines of our ſtate,
Confirming them on yonger yeares,
The two great Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great ryuals in our youngeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And here are to be anſwerd, tell me my daughters,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we our largeſt bountie may extend,
Where merit doth moſt challenge it,
Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt?

Gon. Sir I do loue you more then words can weild the matter,
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace or libertie,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beautie, honour,
As much a child ere loued, or father friend,
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* doe, loue and be ſilent.

Lear. Of al theſe bounds, euen from this line to this,
With ſhady forreſts, and wide skirted meades,
We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albaines* iſſue,
Be this perpetuall, what ſaies our ſecond daughter?

Our

Our deereſt *Regan*, wife to *Cornwell*, ſpeake?

Reg. Sir I am made of the ſelfe ſame mettall that my ſiſter is,
And prize me at her worth in my true heart,
I find ſhe names my very deed of loue, onely ſhe came ſhort,
That I profeſſe my ſelfe an enemie to all other ioyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſence poſſeſſes,
And find I am alone felicitate, in your deere highnes loue.

Cord. Then poore *Cord.* & yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure
My loues more richer then my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditarie euer
Remaine this ample third of our faire kingdome,
No leſſe in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Then that confirm'd on *Gonorill*, but now our ioy,
Although the laſt, not leaſt in our deere loue,
What can you ſay to win a third, more opulent
Then your ſiſters.

Cord. Nothing my Lord. (againe.

Lear. How, nothing can come of nothing, ſpeake

Cord. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue my heart into my mouth, I loue your Maieſtie according to my bond, nor more nor leſſe.

Lear. Goe to, goe to, mend your ſpeech a little,
Leaſt it may mar your fortunes.

Cord. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, loued me,
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, loue you, and moſt honour you,
Why haue my ſiſters huſbands if they ſay they loue you all,
Happely when I ſhall wed, that Lord whoſe hand
Muſt take my plight, ſhall cary halfe my loue with him,
Halfe my care and duty, ſure I ſhall neuer
Mary like my ſiſters, to loue my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cord. I good my Lord.

Lear. So yong and ſo vntender.

Cord. So yong my Lord and true.

Lear. Well let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower,
For by the ſacred radience of the Sunne,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[5]) Octavo